462 /37 cont./ rice, maize, fish, petroleum, and soap; a little extra is regarded as special attention and appreciated as such. They handle the tools in repairs of the house or in the manufacture or /38/ repairing of objects in daily use. The household always constitutes the center of these activities. Male members of the household work together at these jobs. Neighbors as well as kinsmen give a hand if the forces of a single house are insufficient for a certain job.

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[476]

By no means does every house have its own plow. Fifty-nine plows were counted (1) for the 129 houses. A plow

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[556]

1. Here again the Kapala group was the best provided: 44 plows for 81 houses. The Mangenre group possessed 6 plows for 18 houses, and the Rest group 9 plows for 30 houses. The close connection of these figures to the distribution of the sawah lands among these three groups will be discussed below.

[602] is placed at the disposal of kinsmen as a matter of course (2)

2. This is easily possible in this district because the sawahs are situated at various heights and therefore must also be plowed at different times in connection with the water level.

[609
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although strangers have to rent one at expensive rates.

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Kinsmen who are at the same time neighbors help each other in overcoming the small difficulties of daily life.

[114] no priest would marry them (a check for Friedericy). This fellow added that you could run first to one priest and then to 565 another, but it would be of no use. The business man yielded. 582 But it is quite possible for a high man to marry a low woman. 829 I told them about American Negroes and the inter-marriage rules in the United States. They listened carefully to the use of the "black man" term. Later, when our discussion worked around to Indonesia and to Indonesians in the United States, something interesting came out. They asked whether an Indonesian man in the United States could marry an American woman if he wanted to. I said yes, and they were impressed. Evidently they had heard about the color line (perhaps from the 567 Japanese?). Then we went on to the slave question. I described the Bone practices, and they said yes there was plenty ●427 of slave discrimination and there were other poor folk here who worked for the richer ones, living in their houses. I was told that they refused to be called "slaves", though. They insisted that they were just "people". (Could I meet one?) The business man gave me a case. He said that he had many gardens and fields. In these fields were plenty of poor hangers-on, glad to get work. They live in small houses in the gardens, and the big fellow pays their taxes. They get their own food. When he gives a feast or has need of help in building a house or doing repair work they all come gladly. Thus it is a survival of feudalism on a small scale. He said that formerly when the Radja lived in a big house nearby (which I saw; he is now in exile in Rantepao with the Bone radja!), there were perhaps one hundred slaves living there. (I noticed plenty of folk living there now when I saw the house later. Who are they?) I asked whether all poor folk of hangers-on type were descendants of slaves. Rahim said that in a large part they were.

000 One thing about education: the business man asked if I could take his son with me to the United States for schooling. He said that maybe this would be quicker! I demurred, and told him to write the Institute for International Education in New York.

769 Then on to religion. Rahim agreed that there was much of the old belief in present practice, including information concerning the bissu and the dewata. He said that in the countryside people made offerings to the dewata in the rice fields, and that this was a kind of ancestor cult, because the dewata, in a sense, were ancestors.

126 I thought I got a lot more today, but perhaps it was more in 124 the form of general impressions. I took photographs and the women were very proud. Also the children remained pests.

The camera, as usual, made quite an impression. In general, rapport was good, and I came back in the afternoon to give my assistant more paper. He drew a fine rough map of the kampong and is a very good man. But I need to have an expansion of many of his answers [to RK's questionnaire]. The trouble is that it is hard for me to read Malay. I have to get around it by having it translated into Dutch!

Balombaru, September 1, 1949. Second day: This time without Rahim. I have arranged, I think, to have a man type up Saleh's notes in Dutch. I got to the house at 8:30 A.M., and looked over some pages to give to the translator. The material consists of page after page of complete census data, house by house, giving age, occupation, family connections, and so forth. I can also check the material with the accompanying map. Saleh did a fine job; he is a remarkable fellow. Rahim says that although he went only as far as the lower school, he reads a lot and is interested in things in general.

First, I talked over the census with Saleh, his hadji father, his cousin's helper at gold work, and the old bearded sea captain carpenter. Then, after coffee we went off on a ride around the kampong following his good map. We went first to the cement factory, run by a Makassarese named Liyu who was once a poor man but learned a lot about business and has now become the richest individual in the village. He owns the cement factory. It is located near a river, where the big praus used to be able to sail in near the old market place (twenty-five years ago). The river here is now a wide, dry bed. In the distance is Gusungdjonga where Saleh's father lives. It is an island in the wet season. I noted the remnants of a bamboo bridge going across to the other side. It was standing one hundred years ago. The cement factory, with four big kiln chimneys in two buildings together with several other buildings, uses local lime rock and wood from the nearby woods. The rock is broken up and put into the blazing ovens at the top of the fire. It comes out as fine cement. Because of the great amount of road building going on now sales are way up. On the bank of the river are many big heaps of sand, and plenty of trucks to haul it away. Also, Saleh says that there are plenty of men working here. I took a photograph of the factory. Liyu's house, a big one, is situated nearby.

Then we went to the site of the old pasar, in the center of the village. On one side we noted a row of cement houses rented by the radja to Chinese, who can't own the land. Nor

563 can they buy it. I took a photograph of the market
427 site.

Then we went to pekoeboeran, the cemetery, or at least
764 to one of them. There we noted one large cement Chinese
565 grave, and numerous native graves. I again took a photograph. Saleh said that both men and women have two grave stones or wooden posts. Most of those I saw were low and small. Names and dates are carved on them, but are almost not readable. It is almost pathetic, as was the site of a bier with painting and the undertaker's name (I suppose) on the cloths around it. It was standing outside next to the house near Saleh's. Here, an old man of about ninety died last night and he is to be buried today. I was told that although these grave stones are low (orang hamba) [literally "slaves"], nobles have high ones.

472 Then we went to Liyu's other factory which is a com-
339 bination of brick and tile manufacturing. I took a photograph there. He is a rather remarkable person. Together his factories use eighty men.

326 Then we went to see the blacksmith shop. The smith is
463 an old man and they say that formerly he had a double
178 piston bellows, of the old style, such as is now found in the
782 Buginese country. Now, however, he uses a Makassar-
412 made single cylinder, double-action bellows, which is very effective. I asked Saleh if the smith employs special prayers, etc. He said that maybe the old man did, but that the young ones do not. He also said that usually here at least one son follows his father's trade. However, many young smiths now go to work in Makassar rather than work in the shop found in their own kampong.

Then we went to another smith's not far off. This belonged to the son of the old man. We saw a parang [large knife] and a right angle scythe in rough form. The bellows really worked. Then we went to the carpenter shop. Here
[322] everything is made, including wheels. The carpenter is a student of the old bearded fellow.

164 Finally we went back to the house stopping first at the
743 leper asylum of Makassar which is in the kampong. (See map)
758 [Lost] The leper asylum is run by a stocky, tough, Swiss Salvation Army nurse. The government built the asylum and supports it. It is very clean and impressive. Unless the lepers are in very bad shape, they live in bungalows. These dwelling places are much better than native houses. There are many children. The Swiss nurse said that the children especially get leprosy, and that when children are born in the colony they are taken from the parents who